AN

EPISTLE

FROM

MADEMOISELLE D'EON, &c.

The FOURTH EDITION.

(Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE)

Hail! Thou Production most uncommon,
Woman half-man and man half-Woman!

Vid: Epistle.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

MADEMOISELLE D'EON

TO THE

Right Honorable L--D M-------D,

L--D C---F J-----E OF THE C---T OF K--G's B---H,

On his DETERMINATION in regard to her SEX.

Juvenis quondam, nunc fæmina, Cæneus,
Rurſus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

VIRG. Æn. 6. l. 448.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for M. SMITH; and ſold by the bookſellers in the *Strand* and *Paternoſter-Row*.
M,DCC,LXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 APR 71

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable LADY M***F***D.

MADAM,

THOUGH, in this age of gallantry, it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to deliver a chalienge to the huſband into the hands of the wife; yet there is ſomething in your ladyſhip's character that will eaſily reconcile this ſeeming impropriety. The timidity or jealouſy which marks the greateſt part of womankind, would probably prevent moſt huſbands from receiving

a ſuch

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

MADEMOISELLE D'EON

TO THE

Right Honorable L—D M——D.

On his Determination to send her Sex.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 APR 71

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable LADY M***F***D.

MADAM,

THOUGH, in this age of gallantry, it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to deliver a chalienge to the huſband into the hands of the wife; yet there is ſomething in your ladyſhip's character that will eaſily reconcile this ſeeming impropriety. The timidity or jealouſy which marks the greateſt part of womankind, would probably prevent moſt huſbands from receiving

a ſuch

ſuch a ſummons: but there is a noble boldneſs in your ladyſhip's conduct which is ſuperior to ſuch frailties, and you are ſo far from reſtraining your huſband peacefully at home, that you are happy when freſh occaſions call forth in him freſh courage. In this light, and with this idea, Mademoiſelle D'Eon's Epiſtle to Lord M---f---d is dedicated to you: though at the ſame time I cannot but acknowledge it contains a propoſal ſomewhat odd, and what modern faſhions only have allowed to be communicated to a wife. As, however, there are ſome uninformed people who have no taſte, who may think ſome apology neceſſary for ſuch a Dedication, I am happy in having ſo good a one in the detail of your ladyſhip's virtues. You are one of thoſe few women who can prefer the reputation of your huſband to any private advantage of your own; and inſtead of being jealous of the love which your lord univerſally excites,

excites, you can look on that love with pleaſure, and think it (as it really is) the ſtrongeſt proof of his lordſhip's undoubted greatneſs.

It is this temper of mind which marks the ſuperiority of your character. It is this temper of mind, ſo different from what other women poſſeſs, which makes you rather glory in having leſs of your huſband, whilſt he is exerting himſelf for the good of the Public.

But if we wanted any further proof of your excellence, we might find it by taking a ſurvey of your ladyſhip in private life, and in the diſcharge of thoſe little domeſtic offices which women of your rank are too apt to neglect. Inſtead of waſting the day on beds of down, and lamenting that the ſun dared to ſhine to interrupt

rupt a Feſtino, or a Pantheon; you wake with the lark to prepare your huſband for the fatigue of the law.

How happy are you, madam, in poſſeſſing a philoſophic temper, which has kept you clear of thoſe rocks on which other women have ſplit! You have never deviated into the paths of folly with the daughters of pleaſure or ſons of revelry; for where is the rake, however irreſiſtable, and however impudent, who can boaſt that he has pluckt one trophy from your ladyſhip's reputation, or even entertained ſuch a thought.

If then the order of things, which no one can prevent, has deſtined that Lord M---f---d and Ma-

Mademoiſelle D'Eon ſhould come together, that theſe two bright luminaries ſhould be in conjunction, and your ladyſhip's luſtre be diminiſhed, you will have the conſolation of thinking that you have once enjoyed the greateſt of men, and that you now give him up to the greateſt of women; a woman did I ſay--ſomething more than woman; but who would have lain dormant, like ſome well-drawn picture, beauteous, though immodeſt, had not your huſband removed the veil which concealed her nakedneſs, and expoſed her to the Public. I have the honor to be,

With great reſpect,

Your ladyſhip's

devoted ſervant,

The EDITOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 APR 71

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following Poem was written originally in French by the celebrated Mademoiſelle D'Eon. Deprived by L--D M---F---D's determination in the Court of King's Bench of the ſemblance of that manhood which had long been the ſubject of general diſpute, and various policies, ſhe was obliged to leave *England*, and fly to *France*. From that country this Letter was intended to have been ſent, as a juſt tribute to his Lordſhip's wiſdom and preciſion, and at the ſame time to conciliate his patronage on her intended return to *England*. After it had been ſhewn to many of her acquaintance,

quaintance, and much admired at *Paris*, it fell into the hands of the Editor. As it related to the manners, as well as the people of this country, he thought an *Engliſh* dreſs would beſt become it, and accordingly has given it to the public in a tranſlation. At the worſt he flatters himſelf, that, like its author, it will not loſe its quality, or ſpirit, however it may have changed its habit.

In ſome places he has indeed taken the liberty of deviating a little from the original, eſpecially in ſome of the concluding ſtanzas, where Mademoiſelle, in her addreſs to his Lordſhip, and in the warmth of her imagination, had indulged a vein rather too luxuriant. In ſhort, ſhe ſeemed to have forgotten that ſhe was now in petticoats. He has added likewiſe ſome explanatory Notes, where the very extraordinary perſonages introduced in the poem ſeemed to require ſome comment.

He hopes, however, that the Public will not think their time loſt in peruſing this tranſlation, or blame him for communicating to them ſo juſt an eulogium on the character of L--D M---F---D.

AN

EPISTLE, &c.

ILLUSTRIOUS Ruler of thoſe Courts
Where puzzled Juſtice ſcarce reports
Her dubious decrees!
Where honeſt Lawyers find a flaw
In every particle of law,
-----Except in double fees:

If now with writs of Error big
You ſhake your inauſpicious wig,
And blind each ermin'd brother;

Who loſt amidſt the darken'd ray,
Like Ajax, vainly call for day,
Nor right from wrong diſcover:

Or emulating *Mead* or *Hulſe*,
If now you feel poor England's pulſe---
---No doctor ever ſurer;
And pitying her deſpairing way,
Bring † Scotch phyſicians into play,
Of all complaints to cure her:

Or if than * *M--n-rs* ſelf more great,
Full of the ſecrets of the ſtate,

To CHANGE you now repair;

Where

† Dr. Johnſon has obſerved in his Tour through Scotland, that though the land is not productive of graſs, it is very fertile in thiſtles.---This remark might have been extended to the inhabitants of the country, which though very barren in wits, is very fertile of phyſicians.---Theſe gentlemen having cured all the diſorders of their own countrymen, are ſo kind to come to town in droves to aſſiſt us; witneſs the extraordinary cures with which the London newſpapers abound, and which are ſo notorious, that our very poſts and walls ſpeak of them.

* Of this gentleman there is no occaſion to give any account; as there is ſcarce a man of any conſequence in Europe who has not the misfortune to be acquainted with him.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 71 APR

Where Broker, Iſraelite, and Cit,
All characters alike you hit,
By turns both *Bull* and *Bear*;

Or if allur'd by ſofter ſcenes,
And tir'd of vain ambition's ſchemes,
You fly to C--n-Wood's bower;
Where lull'd in *Lady M---f---d*'s arms,
You moralize o'er faded charms,
And beauty's ſhort-liv'd power:

Forgive an unexperienc'd maid,
Who really feels herſelf afraid,
As every maid ſhould be;
If ſhe amidſt the noiſe and ſtrife
You find from ſenates, courts, or---wife,
Dare offer up her plea!

And may the power of ſoft perſuaſion
But aid a nymph on this occaſion,
And once at leaſt regard her!
Relentleſs *Pluto*'s iron heart
Confeſs'd the force of female art,
---And M---F---D's is not harder.

To charm you, ſhall I ſpeak each deed,
Which every laſs on banks of Tweed
Relates with admiration,
When high in health and youthful blood,
E'en then a prodigy you ſtood
For parts and penetration?

Or ſhall I ſay with what applauſe
You pleaded exil'd Stuart's cauſe?
---Lawyers will have their jokes:

Kings

* Kings in effect are like each other,
You only took the one for t'other

----- *John Stiles for John O'Nokes.*

† But times are chang'd, your awful word
Now bids Rebellion ſheath her ſword,
Nor break her filial ties:
Wiſely ſelected ſure, to quell
Thoſe broils you underſtand ſo well,
‡ By ſad experience wiſe.

So when the arts of Warwick-lane,
Long with the burning fever's pain
Have held unequal ſtrife;

* It has been diſputed whether inſtinct in the brute creation was not a more certain guide than reaſon in the human ſpecies, but Lord M---f---d has certainly determined the ſuperiority of the former. Shakeſpeare ſays, "The lyon knows the true prince by inſtinct." Which his Lordſhip, once in his life, could not diſcover by reaſon.

† Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

‡ Experto crede Roberto.

Some good, old, ſecond-ſighted dame
With tried receipt attacks the flame,
And ſaves the patient's life.

Or if theſe deeds of youthful rage
Now ſadden life's more prudent page,
And memory gives you pain,
What ſofter title ſoothes your ear,
Chief Juſtice, Counſellor, or Peer?
" *Anſwer me, loyal Thane!*"

Born in a low, obſcure retreat,
Where Indigence had fix'd her ſeat,
My parentage was poor:
Our poverty needed no guard;
No Engliſh * maſtiff watched our yard,
Nor blunderbuſs our door.

* Mademoiſelle D'Eon ſeems here to imagine that the maſtiff and the blunderbuſs were ſufficient ſafe-guards againſt thieves. But *Sir John Fielding*, who certainly is more acquainted with the ſubject, has plainly ſhewn us that the ſureſt way is, to ſet one thief to catch another.

Un-

Unvaried flow'd each cheerleſs day,
And oft in tears I uſed to ſtray
Beneath ſome lonely ſhade:
Yet there impatient to begin,
I felt the ſpirit * ſtir within,
And powers above a maid.

Oft when my Mother's ſtern command
Would place the diſtaff in my hand,
And houſe-hold's cares would vex;
Like Cato's daughter fierce and loud,
† I left behind the female croud,
"*And tower'd above my ſex.*"

* This ſpecies of divinity is not confined to one ſex only, for Addiſon informs us, it ſtirr'd within Cato. Vide Act V. Scene I.

† The people who liſten to this ſort of ſpirit, ought to be on their guard, as there is no ſaying where theſe inward feelings will lead to.

In

In vain ſhe gave me girliſh toys,
I lov'd the company of boys :
------ They were my only theme ;
With open legs I ſtrode the ſteed ;
With ſtronger arm and ſwifter ſpeed
I paſs'd th' oppoſing ſtream,

Then as they ſhew'd each naked charm,
My eager ſenſes took th' alarm,
And gazed without deſign :
Then would I look beneath the tide,
Lament what Nature had denied,
And curſe a form like mine.

" 'Tis true, like many a married dame,
" I might aſſert a common claim,
" And wear my huſband's breeches ;
" But then I ſubmit to man,
" And that I'm ſure was n'er my plan
------ My Lord, I love plain ſpeeches.

" But

" But is there no way left ?" I ſaid,
" Can't I be breech'd, and be a Maid ?
" Yes, certainly I can."
Thus duly reaſoning pro and con,
I boldly put the breeches on,
And ſallied forth—a Man.

At firſt I fear'd my beardleſs face
Would bring my manhood to diſgrace,
And check my promis'd fame:
But when I caſt around my view,
I found mankind a pigmy crew,
All Women—but in name.

But Mars, who always pleas'd a woman,
Offer'd me pleaſures more than common,
And promis'd untried charms:
The martial fife and gay cockade
Soon baniſh'd what remain'd of Maid,
And ſummon'd me to arms.

Like *Pucelle d'Orleans* of old, *
I thought all female charms well ſold
For glory, and for plunder;
Records could tell each bloody ſtory——
But this a Maid may ſay before you,
† No Man e'er got me under.

When at my feet the vanquiſh'd lay,
Virgins unraviſh'd went away;
---- Tho' Widows curs'd the hour.
Thus I, as virtuous and as bold,
Like the great Scipio of old,
Was chaſte---for want of power.

But when theſe jars and broils were over,
I could not perſonate the Lover,
Nor fill the taſteleſs void:

* It is difficult to determine to what particular duty Mademoiſelle D'Eon here alludes, as Mr. Voltaire mentions that the Pucelle d'Orleans underwent many duties which were not ſtrictly military, though probably equally fatiguing.

† This indeed is more than the *Maid of Orleans* could poſſibly aſſert.

And when with joy each amorous dame
Claſp'd to her breaſt her wiſh'd-for Swain,
Poor I was unemploy'd.

My active ſoul, thus hating reſt,
Each novel object ſtill careſs'd,
As wayward fancy led:
Now warm'd by mad Ambition's dreams,
To Politician's tempting ſchemes
I gave my maiden head.

'Twas then to Albion's happy plains
I bent my way, where Freedom reigns
O'er Coblers, and o'er Peers;
Bleſt country! where in judgment ſit
O'er virtue, property, and wit,
Bawds, Jews, and Auctioneers.

E'en *there* my parts diſtinguiſh'd grew;
Chatham and *Cheſterfield* I knew,
By more than by their faces;

When one was in, t'other was out:
The firſt was martyr to the Gout,
The ſecond to the *Graces.

To me the Marquis too was kind,
That *Marquis* who has taught mankind
A Wentworth can be frail:
Ungrateful Naples, to diſſever
†Thoſe parts for ever and for ever,
And leave nor head nor tail!

A better fate was old Shebbeare's,
Who left on poſts his forfeit ears,
(Your Lordſhip knows the ſtory)
Yet he ſurvives ſuch foul diſgrace,
His ears are well ſupplied by Place,
———And Wig conceals the Tory.

* Mademoiſelle aſſerts this from her own knowledge, as it is well known that ſhe ſtudied graceful poſtures under Lord Cheſterfield.

† The princeſs of Villa-Franca with great ſincerity informed his Lordſhip of her ſituation; but he, more mad than Empedocles, jumped amidſt the flames.

Sand-

S--dw--b, that Prince of Catch and Glee,
With chearing *Ray* too ſmil'd on me;
Him Folly marks her own;
* He blends all buſineſs with his ſport,
Then hies from Kettledrums to Court,
Now Stateſman, now Buffoon.

Lo! the great Man by virtue fir'd, †
Who never but at Sounds expir'd,
Sounds from Italian dames;
See him burleſque the cares of ſtate,
Like Nero, muſically great,
Fiddling amidſt the flames.

* This is ſuppoſed to allude to the manner and to the company in which his Lordſhip takes a ſurvey of the Britiſh Ports and Navy. Marſhal Saxe has indeed obſerved, in his military treatiſe, that all warlike operations ſhould be conducted with muſic. His Lordſhip is of this opinion, and is never without a full band, caſtrati, &c. &c. And there is no doubt but it muſt be highly inſpiring to the Britiſh ſailor to hear Tenducci warble forth "O qui guſto!"

† "Lo! the brave Youth by virtue fir'd,
"Who nobly in his Country's cauſe expir'd." CATO.

For me too many a Britiſh Toaſt
Exhauſted all their charms could boaſt,
Their tears, their ſighs in vain;
Their nets they ſpread with niceſt art,
But little thought a Siſter's heart
Was all they could obtain.

Dame *H-rr--gt-n,* with letcherous leer,
Inured to ſhame, unawed by fear,
Would tap me with her fan;
Then would ſhe ſit and ardent gaze,
The ling'ring ſpark would try to raiſe,
And warm me into Man.

But when ſhe found on every trial
She met with nothing but denial,
By diſappointment bold,

She ſeem'd with hopeleſs looks to ſay,
" Can one ſo form'd for amorous play,
" Poſſeſs a heart ſo cold ? " *

That Proſerpine of Portman-ſquare
Her darling money did not ſpare
To bribe me to her arms ;
Hungry and fierce ſhe ſprung upon me,
One moment more ſhe had undone me,
By ſeeing all my charms.

So when ſome cat, both grey and blind,
Bent to deſtroy the vermin kind,
A modeſt mouſe has taken ;
Her conſcious tail inſures the prize :
But quick, the little reptile flies,
And ſaves itſelf, and bacon——

* It is ſomething ſurpriſing that her Ladyſhip ſhould be aſtoniſhed at any thing cold, when nothing can be well colder than her Huſband.

Thus

Thus had each Nymph of lovelieſt ray
Perceiv'd her arts were thrown away,
And ſtill I 'ſcaped the ſnare:
" Oh! cried *Jack Cavendiſh*, 'tis ſo,
" He's one of us; well, let him go,
" We'll ſuit him to a hair."

Theſe doubtful accents ſcarce I heard,
When *D-m-r*'s pallid form appear'd,
Like Beauty's ſetting ſun;
Fondly they claſp'd each other's waiſt,
Then talk'd of Sappho's purer taſte,
And Maids themſelves had won.

Such were the ſcenes, my Lord, I prov'd,
* And neither loving nor belov'd,
I was *myſelf alone*;

* This circumſtance, though ſimple in itſelf, may have ſome weight with his Lordſhip, as he has long been in the ſame ſituation.

Each

Each luſty youth rais'd new deſire,
At every maid's extinguiſh'd fire
I heav'd an envious moan-----

And that beſt comfort here below,
Friendſhip, it was not mine to know;
But doom'd to be undone,
Too ſure I found, that ſpite of art,
And weak diſguiſe, in woman's heart
Friendſhip and Love are one-----

Full many a year was gone and paſt
Since Nature form'd my ſwelling breaſt,
And ſtampt the woman there;
Gave the firſt ſpark of young deſire,
Which from the eyes darts liquid fire
And curls the wanton hair-----

Yet never had I known the bliſs
That follows the impaſſioned kiſs,
Which man alone can give:

Ne'er had I felt that panting, ſighing,
The warm ecſtatic ſenſe of dying,
That makes it Heaven to live.

One night, when ſilence reign'd profound,
Save where the Watch forgot his round,
And ſnor'd the hours away;
As I with various cares oppreſs'd,
In vain invok'd propitious reſt
To chace my griefs away;

Full ſlowly to my wond'ring view
A bloated form of pallid hue,
It's ſhapeleſs length uprear'd;

It's aged head a mitre wore.
A croſier in one hand it bore,
The other dead appear'd.
" My child, it cried, diſpell thy grief,
" To give thy boſom wiſh'd relief,
" I leave my Windſor's ſhade,

" A power

" A power unſeen old *K-pp-l* ſends,
" To execute it's awful ends,
" And ſatisfy a maid.

" With pain I ſee thy life unbleſt,
" Thoſe tempting limbs, that heaving breaſt,
" Inactive, unemploy'd,
" Shame! that thy powers ſhould thus be loſt,
" All hopes of propagation croſt,
" * And *Heaven's commandment* void------

" Thou knoweſt not the joys in ſtore,
" Which I and many biſhops more,
" Full oft perform in common;
" Strip off thy breeches, foul diſguiſe!
" To play the man thy form denies,
" And therefore act the woman.

* This, the eleventh commandment, is in general better obſerved than any of the other ten, particularly amongſt the clergy.

" A race

Ne'er had I felt that panting, ſighing,
The warm ecſtatic ſenſe of dying,
That makes it Heaven to live.

One night, when ſilence reign'd profound,
Save where the Watch forgot his round,
And ſnor'd the hours away;
As I with various cares oppreſs'd,
In vain invok'd propitious reſt
To chace my griefs away;

Full ſlowly to my wond'ring view
A bloated form of pallid hue,
It's ſhapeleſs length uprear'd;

It's aged head a mitre wore.
A croſier in one hand it bore,
The other dead appear'd.
" My child, it cried, diſpell thy grief,
" To give thy boſom wiſh'd relief,
" I leave my Windſor's ſhade,

" A power unſeen old *K-pp-l* ſends,
" To execute it's awful ends,
" And ſatisfy a maid.

" With pain I ſee thy life unbleſt,
" Thoſe tempting limbs, that heaving breaſt,
" Inactive, unemploy'd,
" Shame! that thy powers ſhould thus be loſt,
" All hopes of propagation croſt,
" * And *Heaven's commandment* void------

" Thou knoweſt not the joys in ſtore,
" Which I and many biſhops more,
" Full oft perform in common;
" Strip off thy breeches, foul diſguiſe!
" To play the man thy form denies,
" And therefore act the woman.

* This, the eleventh commandment, is in general better obſerved than any of the other ten, particularly amongſt the clergy.

" A race

" A race there is mark'd out by nature,
" As black in morals as in feature,
" The worſhippers of PELF,
" Who exiled roam the ſpacious earth,
" Conceiv'd in ſin, and in their birth
" Accurs'd by God himſelf.

" No human ſympathies they know,
" They never feel another's woe,
" Or weep another's pain,
" Extortion marks their damned courſe,
" They bleſs, blaſpheme, eat pork, or worſe,
" They ſtarve themſelves for gain:

" All vile diſhoneſt parts they play,
" Pimp, pedlar, auctioneer to-day,
" Annuitant to-morrow:
" Money to them is food and raiment;
" Before they lend they aſk for payment,
" And do all things but---borrow.

" Such

" Such Men, my child, are lawful prize;
" Heaven grants to you the ſacrifice,
------" No Paſchal Lamb but gold:
" Your doubtful Sex becomes the bet,
" The inſurance is already ſet------
" Accept it, and *be bold*. *

" So ſhall applauding parents ſee
" Their ſpendthrift heirs preſerv'd by thee,
" Nor weep their mortgaged hall;
" Swindlers ſhall curſe thy native morn,
" By thee whole ſynagogues ſhall mourn,
" † And Uſury's ſelf ſhall fall.

* This is a ſpecies of fortitude that is peculiar to Newmarket, White's, Almack's, and other faſhionable places, and ſeems perfectly independent either of the nerves, or a fear of ſhame. It has frequently happened that ſome of the moſt notorious cowards have poſſeſſed it, and at the moment they have felt themſelves the moſt bold, have tamely ſubmitted to be kicked out of the room.

† The Editor has ſearched every ſcriptural record, but cannot find any mention of this overthrow of the Synagogue.

" But if there's one yet blaſted more
" Than all his tribe, 'tis *S-lv-d-re*,
" Of him you muſt beware:
" On his white beard ſits hoary Sin,
" Foul Letchery wrinkles his old chin,
" Plots lurk in every hair.

" Mark what I ſay; he'll feign the Lover,
" And if he can, your ſex diſcover;
" For well he Woman knows:
" Be yours to glean the remnant treat;
" What *Rudd* began, do you complete,
" And fill the Bankrupt's woes.

" What though all Juda's ſelf combine,
" Attornies with attornies join,
" To counteract the laws;

" Yet

" Yet that wiſe Judge, who hates Jews more
" Than ever * Scotchman did before,
" Will vindicate your cauſe.

" Hail! thou production moſt uncommon,
" Woman half-man, and Man half-woman!"
——More he would have ſpoke,
When the pale light of morning's dawn
Quick glancing o'er the Biſhop's lawn,
He vaniſh'd into ſmoke.

I roſe---and true to his prediction
I found, my Lord, the thing no fiction:
——You iſſued your award,

* It is remarkable that there never was a Jew ſeen in Scotland. Whether this ariſes from the ſterility of the country, or from the acuteneſs of the Scotch themſelves, hitherto remains a doubt.

O ſe-

O ſecond Daniel! 'tis to you
I owe the ſpoils of many a Jew,
And maiden-hood reſtor'd.

When Law had given me every thing,
Honour cried, "Go, enrich your king."
——*Where devil drives needs muſt is:*
Away to France I therefore ſped,
There found I LEWIS gone to bed,*
In order to do Juſtice.

But that cold Prince, a Joſeph he,
Bluſh'd to behold a Maid ſo free,
And turn'd his head aſide;

* Mademoiſelle here alludes to the Beds of Juſtice, which the French kings were uſed to hold on certain occaſions. It has been thought that his preſent moſt Chriſtian majeſty will drop the cuſtom, as he finds he cannot give ſatisfaction in that ſituation.

All

All loſt on him were charms divine,
His royal conſort look'd at mine,
Then view'd herſelf, and ſigh'd.

Sick of a land where art, not nature,
Forms every thing, and every creature,
One general maſquerade:

To Albion's happier climes I come----
Your kind reply fixes my doom,
Nor let it be delay'd!

To find for your old age one pleaſure,
I offer now my virgin treaſure,
----Virtue without a flaw:

Too long the ſport of all mankind,
One ſafe aſylum let me find,
---- *The boſom of the Law.*

And the ſtale partner of your life,
Who long has borne the name of wife,
Now cares not how ſhe's put on;
* Turn'd out---ſhe'll ſure reſign her place,
Your Lordſhip too loves a new face,
And younger charms to glut on----
The wond'ring world when they ſhall ſee
Yon on the genial bed with me,
Will praiſe your reſolution,
And as if boil'd in † magic kettle,
You'll iſſue forth with added mettle,
-----All braſs and conſtitution.

* For the meaning of this aſk Sir William Meredith.

† ------Infirmum docta novare ſenem-----

Medea's Receipt.

And tho' the courts ſhould be ſuſpended,
Tho' lawyers wait the buſineſs ended,
And think you wond'rous long;
What then? The world well *knows* you hear,
With patient * ſhrug and callous ear,
The cenſures of the Throng.

A

* Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice.

FINIS.

This Day is publiſhed,

(A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED)

A

SAPPHICK EPISTLE

FROM

JACK CAVENDISH

TO THE

Honourable and moſt beautiful Mrs. D****.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 71 APR